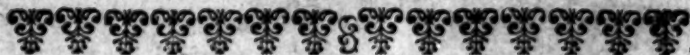


AN  
EPISTLE  
TO

Lord Viscount *COBHAM*.

In Memory of his Friend,

The late Mr. CONGREVE.



ESTABLISHED

FOR THE

THE NEW CONGRESS

OF THE

*Temple / Rich / Viscount*

*COBHAM* and *CONGREVE*.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

Lord Viscount *COBHAM*,

In Memory of his Friend,

The late Mr. *CONGREVE*.

---

'Tis after-days, my Friend, must do thee Right,  
And set thy Virtues in unenvy'd Light.  
Fame due to vast Desert, is kept in store;  
Unpay'd, till the Deserver is no more.  
Yet, Thou in present the best Part hast gain'd,  
And from the Chosen Few Applause obtain'd.  
Ev'n He, who best cou'd judge, and best cou'd praise,  
Has high extoll'd Thee, in his deathless Lays;  
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortaliz'd thy Name;  
Let that alone suffice Thee, think That Fame.  
Unfit I follow, where he led the Way,  
And court Applause, by what I seem to pay.  
My self I praise, while I thy Praise intend,  
For 'tis some Virtue, Virtue to commend:  
And next to Deeds, which our own Honour raise,  
Is to distinguish Those who merit Praise.

CONGREVE to KNELLER.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, next *Will's* Coffee-House in  
*Bow-street*, *Covent-Garden*, 1730. Price 1 s.

COBHAM and CONGRUENT  
AN  
EPISTLE  
TO  
Lord WILLIAM COBHAM  
in Memory of his Friend  
The late MR. CONGRUENT

46  
9.4  
534



Printed for J. COBHAM, near Mr. COBHAM'S  
Drapery, Great Street, London.





T O

Lord Viscount *COBHAM*,

In Memory of his Friend

The late Mr. CONGREVE.

*Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camænâ. Hor.*



INCE my weak Voice in *Congreve's*

Praise preferr'd,

Will, thro' a *Virgil*, be by *Pollio*  
heard ;<sup>1</sup>

Low Rhimes made sacred, to his Name I join,

Fix'd to such Fame they'll make great Glories mine;

Such humblest Swains deserve for *saying* Hymns  
divine.<sup>2</sup>

Far from these Lines, all low-Lamentings be!  
 His Soul sprung, glad, to Immortality!  
 That, first from Heav'n commission'd, for our sake,  
 Men happier, wiser, better, came to make.  
 This Task long try'd, in each divinest Strain,  
 Call'd Home, It Heav'nwards took its flight again;  
 But first his Dirge he makes, and Fun'ral Rites,  
 And, just at Death, as all thro' Life, Delights:  
 To Dust gives Dust, his Corps, pale Ashy-Pile!  
 Then upwards flies the *Phoenix* of our Isle.

Now what vain Poet, what poor Rhiming Elf,  
 Shall mend what *Congreve* sung upon himself;  
 Sung in sweet Notes, o'er dying *Swans*, admir'd,  
 Which he, like them, just ended, and expir'd?  
 When they can drop such Tears upon the Dead  
 As *Amaryllis* for *Amintas* shed,  
 Or with *Alexis'* mourning Muse can vye,  
 Then, nor till then, let vainest Voices try,  
 To tune in Verse, a *Congreve's* Elegy—

No

No, let us rather decent Feasts prepare,  
 And Off'rings on his annual Day, now near,  
 Sing round his Shrine his Songs, and mend the  
*British* Ear :

Nor mend their Ear alone, but, thro' that part,  
 Sound, in good Sense, each Soul, and honest make  
 each Heart.

Might, 'mong these sweet Memorials so prepar'd  
 By Nymphs and Heroes, my mean Voice be heard ;  
 While Nymphs to sing his fair *Cecilia* chuse,  
 Heroes the *Birth* immortal of his *Muse* ;  
 To whom were my Memorial justly due,  
 But you alone, O *Cobham*, only you ?

Thee early, and thee last his tuneful Breath,  
 Address't with grateful Notes—till stopt by Death.

Your *Art of Pleasing*,<sup>s</sup> in his earlier days  
 He writ and gain'd, as you gain'd, all Men's Praise :

That hardest Art he paints with greatest ease,  
In Lines so proper, that they'll ever please.

By Friendship more, tho' vastly much by Wit,  
That Art of pleasing, oft I've thought was writ;  
From Him *it's* Master, to *it's* Master You,  
By Sympathy ' the charming Poem grew.

Your Ways were One ; Wits of congenial Parts !  
That sure had Consanguinity of Hearts ;  
Both, of Delighting all Mankind, could boast,  
But, knowing best that Art, each other most.

'Twas fit it should be so——what other Two  
Could be by Nature match'd more near than you ?  
A Bard that Sieges, Battles, Conquests writes,  
And a young Hero fam'd at fifty Fights, '°  
That of his *Marlbro's* Toils had Sharer been,  
And War's whole Art as much as *Julius* seen.

Thus



Thus *Horace* lov'd *Augustus*, thus was lov'd,<sup>12</sup>  
 Wit rais'd War's Glory, Glory Wit improv'd.  
 In all Heroic Times 'tis Wit's Reward,  
 That War's chief Champions love the noblest Bard.<sup>13</sup>  
 That this was, is, and will, nay must be so,  
 Witness the *Bard* your Friend, and your Friend  
*Marlborough*.<sup>14</sup>

Fir'd by that Name, my Muse is borne away,<sup>15</sup>  
 From low familiar Numbers longs to stray,  
 And break thro' her Epistolary Way:  
 Would raise her Voice sublime with Epic Force,  
 Beyond her usual Rhimes, that border on Discourse.  
 For he, whose Fame would, sure, for all suffice,  
 If branch'd into a hundred Families,  
 From a fair Ancestor of mine, my Name,  
 Third in Descent, He, He, this Hero came.  
 This must inflame the Man, tho' not the Muse,  
 And, his *Will* raising, must his *Pow'r* excuse,

Then

Then, tho' I cannot sing in such a Strain,  
 Hear COBHAM, hear me *talk* <sup>16</sup> of a Campaign.  
 Such Wonders, weakly told, themselves commend,  
 The Theme shall please so much, my Numbers shan't  
 offend.

*Congreve* at length I'll call to give me Aid,  
 He shall my Injuries to Fame see paid,  
 And my Defects beneath his Laurels shade.

Say, when your Mind researching, *Cobham*, say,  
 You Scenes of past triumphant Joys survey,  
 When *Britain's* Battle drawn in dread Array  
 Each Troop, a Troop of Champions, did advance,  
 Fearless to drive the Front of fearing *France*;  
 Say at the Hautboy's Spirit-stirring Sound,  
 How paw'd your prancing Steeds the trembling  
 Ground,  
 When *march*, your Drums beat; *march*, your  
 Trumpets blew,  
 When gay with Sun-beams your gold Banners flew,  
 Knowing

Knowing their Victor-Riders with delight<sup>17</sup>  
 March'd they not proudly forward? fond of Fight?  
 Strange Strength of Music, that not only can  
 Like leading Heroes lift each common Man;  
 But it's prevailing Magic's pow'rful Force  
 Can, as with martial Souls, inform the Horse!  
 'Gainst *seeming Fate* they blow their flaming Breath,  
 See they dance forwards tow'rd's the Face of Death!  
 Well may (more sure) their Riders, dauntless, go  
 True Fate, sure Death to turn upon the Foe.<sup>18</sup>  
 Their *Marlbro'* knows their Strength; and at the Nod  
 Of him, as of some guiding Guardian God,<sup>19</sup>  
 They force the faint *French* Horse—the yielding  
     Croud  
 By Squadrons fall, and fill<sup>20</sup> the swelling Floud.  
 Be without end his Praise, who thus could end  
 Wars with a Word, where num'rous States depend.  
 A *Congreve's* Verse alone such Prowess pays,  
 And such a Deed alone deserves *his* Praise;

B

Whose

Whose Muse with Time could boast coeval Birth,  
 And Works shall last till Time<sup>22</sup> shall end, and Earth.  
 If more the Claim, than *Peleus*' Son of yore  
 From *Homer* claim'd, His Muse can pay him more.  
*Cobham*, ev'n I, a Bard of mean degree,  
 Who write low Lines, more Prose than Poetry,  
 Bold Truths at least can tell, to which You must agree.  
*Pelides*, here, must own himself o'ercome,  
 And Greek Antiquity excell'd be dumb.  
*Pelides* was, by *Neptune's* Waves, set free,  
 When praying *Venus* made him raise the Sea  
 For his Defence<sup>22</sup>; but *Marlbro'*, as if *Jove*  
 Sent him full Pow'rs below, like his above;  
 Bids *Danube's* all-obedient Billows rise,  
 And sweep whole Armies to the nether Skies.  
 Fate, on his Helm that perch'd, flew at his Word,  
 And little Labour left the Soldier's Sword.  
 Thus greater *Ammon* (nor the lesser) cou'd  
 Lay Lightnings by, and bid his brother God  
 Of Waters, whelm whate'er his Will withstood.

*Cæsar,*



*Cesar*, (had *Cesar* from *Elysium's* Plain,  
 That Chief of Heroes, rais'd on Earth again,  
 For Wonder's sake, at *Bleinheim's* Battle been)  
 Each *Briton* seeing had a Hero seen.  
 Seen at their Head, his *Rival-Friend*<sup>23</sup> sedate  
 Bear Fortune cool ; full-conscious that his Fate  
 Would still attend him with assur'd Success,  
 Till future Feats might make the first seem less :  
 Till some bright Day should shine, to which must yield  
*Cesar's* grand <sup>24</sup> Fight in fam'd *Pharsalia's* Field.  
 For then, to rival *Rome* our Chief resolv'd,  
 Had in his mighty Mind the Means revol'd ;  
 Had there, as present, Deeds to come survey'd,  
 Had that long Plan of rising Triumphs laid,  
 In which You, *Cobham*, bore so brave a part,  
 Oft near his Person, nearer still his Heart ;  
 And, which when wond'ring Worlds stood struck  
 to see,  
 All own'd Him equal to these other Three.

But this Brave Man! how mild, how calm he rode!  
 If he's no more than Man, he's nearest like a <sup>35</sup> God.  
 Cool in warm Fights! after Fights gain'd, serene!  
 As no such Battle had, or Conquest been;  
 But think you, *Cobham*, all was so within?

If high move Spirits 'mong War's meanest kind,  
 What Raptures in a Conqu'ring Gen'ral's Mind,  
 Say, You've oft try'd, oft felt them, must we find?  
 Then, on that dread, that all-decisive Day,  
 When, full at stake, the Fate of *Europe* lay,  
 What Ardors thro' your *British* Breast did roll?  
 How stirr'd each busy Corner of your Soul?  
 But, when you 'ad play'd the Patriot-Hero's part,  
 What March<sup>36</sup> beat Conquest then within your Heart?  
 How mov'd your Pulse, your Blood how briskly ran,  
 How shone your Eyes?—O tell us if you can,  
 Or was in God-like Raptures lost the Man?  
 Give us, by such near Sympathies,<sup>37</sup> to know,  
 How bright War's Genius blaz'd in *Marlborough*?

That

That Part to *Britain's* Poet, to your Friend,  
 To *Congreve's* Pen to paint, we must commend;  
 Whose Muse did long with good Impatience burn,  
 To hail our Hero, at that wish'd Return,  
 When all his Victories should shine compleat,  
 And friendly force to Peace the Foes he bear.  
 'Tis come, the great Important Day is come,  
 See *Churchill* brings his Ten Years Trophies home.  
 That Space of Time such crouded Acts employ,  
 They will be less believ'd than those of *Troy*.

More Battles he, more Provinces has won,  
 Fill'd with more Cities, Each, his Toils to crown,  
 Than the *Greek* Chiefs spent Years to take the  
*Trojan* Town.

See the gilt Barge that brings him does appear,  
 Big'ning to fight comes near, and still more near,  
 With full-stretch'd sailly Wings it seems to fly  
 O'er friendly Tides, and thro' a friendly Sky.  
 Methinks with Gratitude the willing Land,  
 Which to this Hero owes the World's command,

Seems

Seems one vast Promontory, jutting forth  
 To meet the Barque that brings such treasur'd Worth;  
 Numbers, so past all counting, croud the Shore,  
 Nought but the Sands, they cover'd, could be more,  
 And with their Shouts of Joy made the Sea seem  
 to roar.

So long, so loud, just while he lands, these Joys!  
 That they want Breath to end their welcome Voice.  
 Thence as he pass'd, Throngs marking Roads he meets,  
 More than might Armies make, line long *Augusta's*  
 Streets:

They his brave Soldiers *Europe's* Savers call;  
 But Him the Life, and Him the Soul of all;  
 Him, this victorious Army's Gen'ral Soul,  
 That Heav'n infus'd, and that inform'd the whole;  
 The *num'rous* Body's *Universal* Mind,  
 Which gave it *Spirits* to preserve Mankind:  
 The Council, Court, the grave grey Guides of State,  
 Young Lords, bright glitt'ring Belles, his Triumphs wait;  
 These Poms he pass'd—War's Genius had prepar'd,  
 At his own Palace, Fame's last best Reward.



He, that would know his Joys, must see him home,  
 Happily plac'd within his private Room,  
 Where, free from Eyes profane, and publick Noise,  
 He may, like Majesty, indulge his Joys.  
 Here he may shew his Soul thro' ev'ry Sense,  
 And let Fame's noble Passions please the Prince;  
 Here o'er his Motions he can have no Spy,  
 But of a Hero's or a Poet's Eye;  
 They, by strange Sympathy, see ev'ry Part  
 Of his touch'd Soul, and his transported Heart.  
 For look, War's Genius crown'd before him stands,  
 Fame's Rolls and Wreaths of Laurel fill his Hands,  
 There left the Laurel, there the Poem lies,  
*By these you'll follow me, then seeks the Skies;*  
*Would it were now, the raptur'd Warrior cries.*  
 What diff'rent Genii, diff'rent Heroes wait,  
 How far a *Marlbro's* from a *Brutus* Fate!  
 Who the *Spright* seeing in his Tent, alone,  
 Cry'd Brave, *I'll meet thee*, but disguis'd a Groan.

Yct

Yet all may guess, who that sad Story know,  
 The *Briton's* Pleasure by the *Roman's* Woe.  
 What various conscious Spirits move their Blood,  
 Who act for real, or mistaken Good!  
 Wide open now our *ODE* from *Congreve* lies,  
 Which fond he gaz'd on, fix'd, and fed his Eyes:  
 There finds our Bard, to sing his Battles born,  
 And past tumultuous Triumphs gives to scorn,  
 Slights the short Breath of popular Applause,  
 That dies before the next new Breath it draws:  
 But here the Hero's Thought as well as Eye,  
 Dwells, dazled with bright Hopes of Immortality.

Say, *Cabham*, now, where's now thy Hero's Soul?  
 Can he his Passions for true Fame controul?  
 Does he not read, rise raptur'd, sit again,  
 Then read, till fix'd afresh by some new Strain,  
 He makes, with well-pleas'd Mind, each past  
 Campaign?

So,

So, when his Harp divine <sup>32</sup> *Timotheus* strung,  
 And play'd, by *Dryden's* Mouth, what *Phæbus* sung,  
 Warm'd into Flights of War young *Ammon* flew,  
 And fought, in Thought, his Battles o'er a-new.

He read ; new Life felt rising, while he read  
 His Deeds compar'd, with those most mighty Dead,  
 Whose Names, in Fame's immortal List, enroll'd,  
 Their Glories date from Years, by thousands told.  
 And found in *Congreve's* like Prophetic Song,  
 His soar'd as high, and sure to last as long.  
 But when to those warm well-judg'd Lines he came,  
 That *Churchill's* justly fix'd o'er <sup>33</sup> *Cæsar's* Fame ;  
 Able no longer to contain, he said,  
 " I own my Toils and Hazards all repaid.  
 " How short the Verse, that so great Truths displays !  
 " They, like collected <sup>34</sup> Beams thro' Crystals blaze !  
 " He, with the Lustre, gives the Fire of Praise !  
 " Matchless as *Pindar's* is my *Congreve's* Rage,  
 " That can contract an *Iliad* to a Page ;

" Yet so judicious, while he sings with Flame,  
 " That where he heightens most, he most secures my  
 Fame,

" *Cæsar's Pharsalia* (true !) made Slaves, " but I  
 " Fought at *Ramillia's* Plain for precious Liberty.

" Perish that mean-born Pride, that Bastard State,  
 " Which aims to grow, by Men's Misfortunes, Great.

" Sooner might I be beat,—myself made Slave,

" Than subdue Realms, to ruin, not to save.

" More Curses on such Chiefs than Blessings wait,

" Those that their Triumphs love, the Traytors hate.

" The Laurels *Congreve* brings me, I approve,

" Sprung from, and nourish'd by my Country's Love.

" My End, Man's Freedom gain'd; to crown the Scene

" The Muse applauds me, and the World's best Queen.

" I'll go Content—and who would seek for more,

" Let him high Heaven with vain-lost Prayers  
 implore,

" To have what Hero never had before.

" If



" If, to new Worlds removing from this old,  
 " We, what new Worthies act below, behold ;  
 " Perhaps, inflam'd thro' me, some Patriot may,  
 " COBHAM or BLANDFORD, gain some future Day,  
 " Great as *Ramillia's* and as *Bleinheim's* were,  
 " And with like Triumphs *Britain's* Glory rear ;  
 " Give, give, ye Heavens, if such a Day should be,  
 " Give your old Soldier's Spirit Pow'r to see :  
 " Should I see this, though honour'd with the Skies,  
 " Sure it would add, in part, to Paradise.  
 " *Conscience* of doing well, if lost, were hard ;  
 " *That* alone Virtue makes its own Reward :  
 " *That* remains with us, nor with Bodies dies,  
 " Blessing and blest, it seeks, with Souls, the Skies.  
 " Since thus 'tis noble to desire true Fame,  
 " Odours celestial scenting Virtue's Name ;  
 " Since *Pindar's* Spirit my blest Bard endues,  
 " Join'd with the *Mantuan* and *Mæonian* Muse ;  
 " On *Homer's* Wings still may *Pelides* fly,  
 " On *Maro's Julius*—on my *Congreve's* I.

“ These Lines are mine, said he, and these I’ll keep,  
 “ Brave Thoughts they’ll wake by Day, they’ll lull  
 me when I sleep.”

Here ceas’d the Chief; and (for Night call’d to rest)  
 Bore off the Praises in his panting Breast.  
 So by like Genius a like Hero fir’d,  
 Did the like Acts, and like Renown acquir’d:  
 Duly, each Night, as *Ammon* sought his Bed,  
 His Sword and *Homer* lay beneath his Head;  
 Those ever should to him, he did declare,  
 Be one his Law, and one his Plan of War:  
 The Plans of War he form’d from *Homer’s* Word,  
 And gave the Law to Nations with his Sword.

Thus, if a Modern’s<sup>37</sup> fam’d Records be true,  
 First fir’d to Fame from *Homer’s* Models grew  
 The *second* Hero that the World e’er knew.  
 In *Time*<sup>38</sup>—for *Time* Achilles *first* does name,  
 But *Churchill*, They, and *Cæsar*, all the same,  
 Allow no first,<sup>39</sup> all *Principals*, in Fame.

Here charm'd (tho' Kings and Chiefs so Glorious be)  
 From Kings and Chiefs turn we our Eyes to see,  
 What Wonders from the <sup>40</sup> Works of Wit arise,  
 That thus warm Mortals to deserve the Skies;  
 Make them Immortals, fit for those Abodes,  
 And change Earth's Chiefs to Heav'nly Demy-Gods.  
 Subjects, that soar so high! They <sup>42</sup> mock my Toil  
 And seem but mock'd themselves in my mean Style.

*Cobham*, too long, I creep on Lines too low,  
 Else they should still of Epic Poets show  
 As great the Glory, as themselves bestow.  
 Them high, as they their Chiefs, my Pen may raise,  
 Oft simplest <sup>44</sup> Words supply sublimest Praise:  
 Since urg'd by Bards, you Patriot-Heroes, Act,  
 Plain Truth speaks *high*—They're <sup>46</sup> Partners in each  
 Fact.

Of all learn'd Men, what Man so partial is,  
 To flatter Grandeur and deny me This?  
 For, Sir, learn'd Men have, now, mean vulgar ways  
 In our self-ended and degen'rate days :

Proud

Proud Kings they flatter, and rich Gen'als prize,  
 But poorer Bards, <sup>44</sup> tho' Fame's best Props, despise.  
 They'll Kings and Conquerors, that flourish now,  
 Above old *Greece* or *Rome*, with ease allow:  
 But not with Poets will they deal the same,  
 To Ancient sacrificing Modern Fame,  
 They'll Praise <sup>45</sup> old Faults, and new Perfections  
 blame.

*Horace* <sup>46</sup> of this complains in *Cesar's* Times,  
 When *Latian* Lines were blam'd, like *British* Rhimes:  
 Nought, then, was Good, had Wisdom, Musick, Wit,  
 Morals, or Learning, but what *Greeks* had writ.  
*Rome's* Pedants cry'd, of *Attick* Reading full,  
 Bad *Rome's* best Writers were, nay *Horace* dull;  
 His brightest Beauties in each boasted Piece  
 Were petty Larcenies from learned *Greece*:  
 Till boldly rising up in Truth's Defence,  
 He banish'd Railers that bore Spite to Sense,  
 Carry'd the Court, got Patrons, gain'd his Prince.

Thus



Thus Learning had, with *Greece*, been doom'd to die,  
 But he points out, in *Rome*, its true Posterity.  
 Else *Tully's* Eloquence had fail'd to please,  
 Sunk down by Fools to raise *Demosthenes*.  
 Great *Maro's* sacred Page had pass'd for poor,  
 That made (thought Dunces!) *Homer's* Merit more:  
*Livy's* and *Sallust's* Histories had been  
 Bury'd in Dust, unheard of, and unseen:  
*Thucydides*, *Herodotus* must pass,  
 With them, the only Writers of that Class.  
 As for poor *Horace*, him they doom'd to die,  
 To add to *Pindar's* Immortality.  
 But *Horace* lash'd these Pedants of the Schools,  
 And, from affected Wits, he prov'd them Fools.  
 Now, Sir, as *Romans* shar'd with *Greeks* their Fame,  
 So should with *Romans* *Britons* share the same.  
*Homer* and *Virgil* would not scorn to be  
 Of *Milton's* and of *Spencer's* Company;  
 Nor *Tully* nor *Demosthenes* aspire,  
 To be than *Cowper*, *King*, or *Somers* higher.

Thu-

*Thucydides, Herodotus* would own,  
 (With *Livy, Sallust*) well-writ Wonders shown,  
 As theirs, in *Raleigh* and in *Clarendon*.  
 Here, our vex'd Pedants, vainly to abuse  
 Themes, they want Honour or else Sense to chuse,  
 May call mine Thefts from the *Horatian* Muse.  
 I own it; nay should boast, be proud on't too,  
 Would it make *Britons* know, as *Romans* knew,  
 'Tis mean to honour Heroes for their State,  
 And scorn poor Poets, who their Pomp create.  
 I know well what, know well to whom I plead;  
 Know the Cause good, Judge just, and dare proceed.  
 Long after *Homer* begg'd; the *Roman* Plow  
 Felt the Sweat falling from the Laurell'd Brow;  
 Then Consul-Chiefs were poor, yet great as  
 any now.  
 'Tis Worth; not Wealth, 'tis Service, and not State,  
 That makes, like Heroes, Poets truly great.

My

My Lord; I, here, your pow'rful Judgment claim,  
 Who best can Give, as most you merit Fame;  
 Say, if their Verse the Minds of Kings excite,  
 Bravely to die, or do their Nation Right;  
 Stand they not first of all learn'd Lists on Earth,  
 Best Public Blessings to their Place of Birth?  
 Sure proud Philosophers must, here, make way,  
 Here, to superior <sup>47</sup> Poets yield the Day.

This *Plato*, Foe <sup>48</sup> of Poets, knew was right,  
 And copy'd *Homer's* Beauties, Day and Night.

This *Alexander's* Tutor prov'd he knew;  
 Presenting *Homer* to his Prince's View,  
*Take*, Prince, said he, and *read*—then Worlds subdue.

The Prince, with reading not content, would write  
 Works, that join'd Fame and Profit, to delight.

Hence that Right Hand, which held the Sword ev'n  
 then

Judge o'er the World, for *Homer* held the Pen.

Nor let weak Wits think this below a King,  
 Thust to Transcribe, what Bards inspir'd sing.

No cause had he to blush, or think it shame,  
 To write what rais'd the highest Hero's Fame,  
 Or share in Works where he was sure to see  
 Ev'n Gods, that, there, would keep him Company.  
 There the three Graces, there the Tuneful Nine,  
*Pan* and *Minerva* and *Apollo* join.  
 Thus, hon'ring Poets, HE reap'd high Renown,  
 Who twice sav'd " *Pindar's* House, when twice he  
     sack'd a Town.

*Solon*, for Wisdom, o'er the wisest fam'd,  
 That *Homer* be in Publick read, proclaim'd.  
*Horace*, sure witness! who himself alone  
 Stands for a hundred Witnesses in one,  
 Tells us we learn, what's so great, wise, good, wrong,  
     right,

From *Homer* better, than the best that write.  
 Be Judge *Lycurgus*—who wrote Nation's Laws—  
 Himself wrote *Homer* out—let That decide the Cause.  
 Law-givers, see, Philosophers, and Kings,  
 Bend, when the Father of the Poets sings.

Yet



Yet this *Mæonian*, and the *Mantuan* Flame,  
 And *Congreve's* Modern Fire are all the same;  
 All from one Source, in diff'rent Ages came.

'Twas hard, indeed, thus coming last, to climb,  
 Against their advantageous Hill of Time;

Yet still we find Priority of Days

No Birth-right to Priority of Praise:

Change but each Age, when these three Poets shone;

Their Persons, to impartial Eyes, are ONE.

*Congreve* had *Homer* been, in *Homer's* Time;

*Homer* been *Congreve*, now, and wrote such *British*  
 Rhime.

Both could, with Magic Arts of Verse, alike,

Rouze Souls to Arms, and warlike Passions strike.

*Cobham*, if Poesy's persuasive Parts,

Thus move (best Martial <sup>as</sup> Musick <sup>ly</sup>) Heroes Hearts;

'Tis hard to say, we, rather of the two,

To You owe Poets, or to Poets You.

If your brave Acts make their bright Numbers shine,  
They fire you to those Acts by Verse divine.

Pleas'd with both Song and Subject, Thus we know,  
*Arms and the Man* (like *Virgil's* sung) we owe,  
Alike to *Congreve* and to *Marlborough*.

When his brave *Stilico* <sup>33</sup> bright *Claudian* sung,  
*Rome* with the Poet's Praise and Hero's, rung :  
Senates and Emperors, by Statutes wise,  
Bad to their *Claudian* Bay-crown'd Statues rise.  
Greater our Chief, sublimer was our Bard ;  
And shall more Merit meet with less Reward ?  
Shall it in *Britain* be the Poet's Doom,  
To fall neglected for excelling *Rome* ?  
Forbid *That* Monarchs, Senates, Heroes, all,  
Whom we can Brave, Great, Wise, and Noble call :  
All, whose Deeds claim *that Verse*, which never dies,  
Those Deeds, their Glories to immortalize ;  
Else, may those Poems cease, they cease to prize !

That

That Pen, O Chief, which a Chief's Mind uprears,  
Is to a Nation worth a Grove of Spears.

That Pen's the Spring, which makes War's Move-  
ment whole,

The Captain moves his Troops; the Bard their Cap-  
tain's Soul.

Think not, Thou Hero, this is strain'd too high,  
In praise of *Everlasting* Poetry.

Fight all your Days, fresh Fame get ev'ry Day;

Not sung by *such* as *Congreve* 'twould decay.

Else, near *Achilles*' Tomb, why? tell me, why?

Why was great *Alexander* heard to fight?

He griev'd no *Homer* grac'd his glorious days,

That equal Prowess might have equal Praise:

Pity! an Age, whence Deeds Heroic spring,

Should barren prove of Bards those Deeds to sing.

E'er *Agamemnon*'s Reign, liv'd Kings of Men,

Great as himself was, or *Achilles*, then;

Whose

Whose Acts, dead since like them, their Age rever'd,  
 So must all Ages, had some Bard appear'd,  
 Divine like *Congreve*, to deliver down  
 In deathless Lines their (now deceas'd) Renown.  
 Short-liv'd as theirs had been *Achilles' Deed*,  
 But *Homer* wrote what Worlds will ever read.  
 Thus, see, the Muse alone has Pow'r to save  
 Your Glories going to your gloomy Grave.

Nor do Bards *save*, alone, your Fame, but 'make,  
 Great Souls to War their Works of Art awake.  
 Witness a great (and greatly 'furnam'd) King,  
 Who, from Experience, vows the very thing.  
 "My Soul more struck, says he, reads *Cæsar's Deeds*,  
 "Than mov'd by Magick Sounds are martial Steeds.

My Lord, the Truth of this Soul-moving Thought,  
 Practice must you, like that brave Prince, have taught.  
 Pray you! *read* on, then let your Mind be known,  
 This Thought is *now*, or *will be then*, your own.

Pardon



Pardon this forward Ardour in my Muse,  
 What for Heroic Bards she says, excuse:  
 In you the *Poet* and the *Hero* live,  
 And what the one excuses, both forgive.  
 Example pleads my Cause, since *Horace* too  
 Wrote to *Augustus* what I write to you;  
 Tho', true! he did what I but wish to do.  
*Virgil's* he rais'd, as I would *Congreve's* Name,  
 And, where he *hit* the Mark, I'm proud to aim,  
 His Skill's superior, but our Task's the same.  
 Else should I, growing too familiar, fear  
 My tedious way of Talk might tire your Ear:  
 My Lord, they're *Congreve's* Lines you're next to  
 hear,  
 Them you'll read pleas'd; and tell us, in your Breast,  
 What Thoughts this Speech from your dear Friend  
 imprest.

"Sincereſt Critick of my Proſe, or Rhime,  
 "Tell how thy pleaſing *Stowe* employs thy Time;  
 "Say,

" Say, *Cobham*, what amuses thy Retreat,  
 " Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State?  
 " Doeſt thou recall to Mind with Joy or Grief  
 " Great *Marlbro's* Actions? That immortal Chief,  
 " Whose ſlighteſt Trophies rais'd in each Campaign,  
 " More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a Reign?  
 " Or doeſt thou grieve indignant now to ſee  
 " The fruitleſs End of all thy Victory;  
 " To ſee th' audacious Foe, ſo late ſubdu'd,  
 " Diſpute ſo long thoſe Terms for which they ſu'd?  
 " As if *Britannia* now were ſunk ſo low,  
 " To beg that Peace ſhe wonted to beſtow.  
 " Be far that Guilt, be never known that Shame,  
 " That *England* ſhould retract her rightful Claim,  
 " Or ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,  
 " Stain with her Pen the Luſtre of her Sword?"

Theſe were thy Friend's warm Words to thee, at  
 Death,  
 His Will, in Poetry's laſt parting Breath;

Beſt

Best Legacy <sup>er</sup>, that could be well bequeath'd by Wit,  
Or could his Friend's Heroic Soul besit!

And don't these Lines? They do, they strike you so,  
As those I late describ'd did mighty *Marlborough*:  
They rouse your Soul to Arms, all warm for War,  
Which much you feel within, too modest to declare;

May I, my Lord, in my most humble Phrase,  
Name some few Thoughts such Lines as these must  
raise?

One hidden Wish may my poor Hints suggest,  
And shew the Patriot burning in your Breast?  
This, like your Answer, I presume, would be,  
Which solves his Question, tho' low-penn'd for thee?

O *Congreve*! *Marlbro'* plac'd before these Eyes,  
How can thy Soldier's Spirit chuse but rise?  
If, farther much, this Foreign Pride pretends,  
And makes us Foes, it courted to be friends;

Might I, once more, be bid in Arms to shine,  
 I'd share his Glories, make your Poems mine:  
 Still *Britain* should be dreaded and ador'd,  
 As your Pen rais'd the Lustre of my Sword.

Such should I guess your Thought, because no more  
 Than but to do, what you have done before.

Come to *Spain's* <sup>60</sup> Coasts, when last you cross'd the  
 Main,

You saw, you conquer'd,—for you humbled *Spain*,  
 See, what I say of Poet's Pow'rs, how true!

And what by warming Heroes they can do!  
 For, lo! since *Congreve* did this Poem write,

They grow deliberate, <sup>61</sup> too cool for Fight!  
 They've learnt brave *Britons* loudest Threats declare

Both of a Naval and a Landing War;

Ev'n now they think they hear our Lion roar,  
 Frighten their *Golden Fleece*, and shake their Shoar;

Then recollect our Chiefs that bore Command,

*Names* carrying Terror thro' their conquer'd Land:

But



But then, *Thee nam'd!*—late Thunder-claps they hear  
 Wishful cry Truce—and condescend to fear:  
 Hence, should they e'er from such wise Measures cease,  
 And wildly War prefer to proffer'd Peace:  
 I, if I liv'd to see so strange a Time,  
 Would strive to shine in Prose, that can't in Rhime.  
 From *Tully* (*Bard " like me !*) would try to draw  
 A Piece like his, on the *Manilian Law*;  
 Would shew that *Spain* should humbled be by you,  
 As he prov'd *Pompey* best would *Pontus*' King subdue.  
 So like each Theme, it my Success secures;  
 Change but the Name, and *Pompey's* Praise is yours.  
 Thus, free to use great *Tully's* Words divine,  
 I, just apply'd, might justly make them mine.  
 I'd shew such Prowess, Influence, and Success,  
 Our *Briton's* Arms, must, as his *Roman's*, bless.  
 Shew how you, *Cobham*, in the Art of War,  
 Your Skill with his *Great Pompey* can compare;  
 That, like him, formidable grown by Fame,  
 You carry Conquest in your very Name.

But *Congreve* gone, what Bard in equal Lays,  
 Of such fresh Battles should form proper Praise?  
 Yourself, best Critic “ of his Verse and Prose,  
 Who, but Yourself, would best such Works compose?  
 Doubly, like “ *Cæsar*, Act; first gain each Fight,  
 Then, what you greatly Gain, as wisely Write.

Your *Talent* recollecting, I rejoice,  
 I chose, to end my Letter, *Congreve's* Voice.  
 For *Phæbus* whispers; “ Thy Epistle's long,  
 “ Be wise, and crown it with my Laureat's Song;  
 “ So shall thy humble Ivy creep around  
 “ Their Lawrels, which triumphant Temples bound,  
 “ *Cobham's* and *Congreve's*;—that's enough—now cease  
 “ Learn this hard Lesson, when to hold thy peace.  
 “ Many, whose Genius led them to excel,  
 “ Lost Fame, not leaving off, when all was well.





## The Argument and Design of this EPISTLE.

**T**HE main End of this Epistle is the Eulogy and Praise of Mr. Congreve, as an Exceller in all the different Branches of Poetry; but principally in that prime, noble One, which the Professors of that ingenious Art term the Great Poetry; that is to say, the Heroic or Epic and Pindaric kinds. It is inscribed to the Lord Cobham, as an Anniversary Memorial designed in Honour of the Deceased, He being Mr. Congreve's best-loved Patron, and the English Pollio of him our English Virgil. It was usual, among the Ancients, upon Festivals, for Reciters to chuse some one Fragment out of a favourite Poet, which that Poet had written upon a favourite Subject or admired Hero; and this Fragment, these Reciters sung, before some noble Patron, and a large Audience or Assembly of other Persons, for their Entertainment and Improvement. The ancient Reciters of this kind (if we believe Plato) were held in great Honour, and looked upon themselves as inspired, as well as the great Poets whose Fragments they recited, and whose Verses they sung. It was their Custom, before they began to sing, to point out the Excellencies of the Song itself, and to paint in their own Words, as far as they thought proper, some

some peculiar Merits and shiningly distinguished Characteristics of the Hero in the Song, to shew likewise their own Sensibility of the more special and particularized Worth of the Subject, which gave Birth to that, their favourite Poet's Fragment, which they were going, by way of Preference, to celebrate: This they thought, and indeed rightly judged, a very proper and natural Procedure to justify their own Choice of that particular Piece, by way of Excellence, from all the other (perhaps) numerous Performances of such a Poet, upon other great and Heroic Subjects.

Pursuant to this old Custom, I suppose myself a Reciter; Mr. Congreve is the Poet praised; the Fragment chosen for this End is his Ode upon the Success of her late Majesty's Arms, under the auspicious Conduct of the Ever-Victorious Duke of Marlborough: The Lord Cobham, who was the Eye-witness and great Partner in that Generalissimo's Military Achievements, Triumphs, and Glories, and who was likewise both a Pollio, a Mecænas, and a kind of Augustus to our English Virgil, Varus and Horace, all united together in the Person of Mr. Congreve, is the noble Patron I chuse; and all other Readers I suppose to form the Audience, before whom this ODE is to be recited or sung by me.

This Recital is, I think not improperly, supposed to be performed, by referring to several Passages in Mr. Congreve's Ode, quoted in the Notes, and by referring the Reader to peruse that whole excellent Piece (which is very short, but very comprehensive, according to Pindar's Example) as it is presented to  
the



the Public in Mr. Congreve's Works. The latter Part of the Epistle is wholly spent in praise of the Great or Heroic Poetry, and Epic Poets in general, and Mr. Congreve, above all the Poets of that sort in our Time, in particular, in which Judgment of him, I am confirmed by the Authority of Mr. Dryden, and the Testimony of Mr. Pope, who speaking of their Translations of Homer, give him, in this Capacity, a pre-eminence to themselves. It concludes with an Example of the excellent Effects of Poetry, written by a great Hand, taken from some Lines addressed by Mr. Congreve but very lately to the Lord Cobham: Thus the Epistle begins and ends with a Quotation of two Poems of Mr. Congreve's to my Patron, the Lord Cobham; the first whereof was inscribed to him many Tears ago, and the latter not long before our Poet's Death; so that this noble Lord, was the proper Person to chuse for the Patron, before whom the Praise of the Ode above mentioned should be recited, according to my Motto, taken from Horace's Epistle to Mecænas.

*Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camœnâ.*  
 Horace hath written the whole first Epistle of his second Book to Augustus, on the self-same Subject, the Praise of Heroic Poetry, in Honour of that Emperor's and his own, as well as since the whole World's favourite Epic Poets, Virgil and Varus.

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# NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> **I**ntimating that the same Friendship subsisting between Lord *Cobham*, and Mr. *Congreve*, as there was between the Noble *Pollio* and *Virgil*; any thing in the Praise of such a Poet, must be acceptable to such a Nobleman's Ear.

<sup>2</sup> These Hymns (as they are called by the Ancients) were usually sung, but sometimes only recited; and as I pretend not to write of these sublime Poems in a Style, beyond that, which consists of Rhimes, that are *Sermoni propiora*, I pretend to call it only *saying a Hymn*; to which *Pliny*, in the beginning of his Panegyric to the Emperor *Trajan* gives, methinks, sufficient Commendation for a *less modest Man* than myself, that is but an Epistolary Writer, to be contented with. He represents these bare Reciters as acceptable to the Gods as the sublimest Poets; they were reckoned by many of the Ancients as much inspired as the Poets themselves, whose Works they recited, as *Spondanus* tells us.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the last Poem Mr. *Congreve* wrote not long before he died to the Lord *Cobham*, on the Improvement of Time, in which are these Preparatory remarkable Lines on Death, in Imitation of *Horace's* Epistle to *Alb. Tibullus*:

—Still think the present Day the last of Life.

Who thus can think, and who such Thoughts pursues,  
Content may keep his Life, or calmly lose.

All Proofs of this thou mayst thy self receive :

When Leisure from Affairs will give thee leave,

Come see thy Friend, &c.

<sup>4</sup> These two Verses refer to those two Patterns for *Elegy* Writing, Mr. Congreve's Pastorals on the Death of *Q. Mary*, and the Marquis of *Blandford*.

<sup>6</sup> Alludes to the Custom of the Antients, by Annual Celebrations of their Poets and Heroes.

<sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> Alludes to Mr. Congreve's *Art of Pleasing*, and his last Copy of Verses, both address'd to Lord *Cobham*.

<sup>9</sup> The *Sympathy* here mentioned, and in some following Verses, representing the Friendships Great Personages naturally take to one another, makes a fine Chapter in *Gracian's Hero*, and is delicately handled by several eminent Writers, quoted in the Notes upon that Chapter.

<sup>10</sup> *Fifty Fights*, &c. meaning a great Number, or near the Number, which is true.

<sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>13</sup> This is manifest by many Parts of *Horace's* Works, particularly from the Esteem *Augustus* had for him. Herein also the Friendship of Mr. Congreve, Lord *Cobham* and the Duke of *Marlborough* are represented.

<sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> After naming the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Author, in order to win the Attention and Benevolence of his Patron the Lord *Cobham*, does himself the Honour to hint, that the Duke was related to a Lady of his Family; which he finds to be thus, viz. Mrs. *Winston*, Daughter and Co-heir of Sir *Henry Winston* of the County of *Gloucester*, by his Wife *Dionisia Bonde*, Sister of Sir *William Bonde* of *Highbate*, marry'd *John Churchill* Esq; from whom Sir *Winston Churchill*, Father of the late Duke of *Marlborough*.

<sup>16</sup> *Talk of a Campaign*, &c. So *Horace* says; who can describe (*Quis describat*) the Actions of *Cæsar*? But he says however, he can, when Opportunity serves, *Scribere fortem & justum*; *Scipiadam, ut sapiens Lucilius*, &c. And the Author here says the Defects he makes in talking of

the Campaign, will be made up by what Mr. Congreve sings upon it, in his sublime Ode, to which the Author makes frequent Allusions on all Occasions; so that, if that Ode be consulted, as often as it is quoted, the whole Ode may be said to be recited, as it were, by pointing the Reader to every Passage of it in the Course of this Epistle.

<sup>17</sup> In the Description of Battles, the Horses are never omitted. vid. *Horace, Virgil, Statius, Claudian*.

<sup>18</sup> —to turn Fate upon the Foe. So *Claudian* says in this Sense, *Convertere fata*.

<sup>19</sup> Alluding also to these Lines of *Claudian*;

*O quantum populo secreti numinis addit  
Imperii præsens Genius!*

<sup>20</sup> This refers to the Duke of Marlborough's Letter about the Battle of *Blenheim*, August 13, N.S. 1704. wherein, among other Things, his Grace says; *By the Blessing of God we obtained a compleat Victory. We have cut off great Numbers of them as well in the Action as in the Retreat, besides upwards of 30 Squadrons of French, which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish.*

<sup>21</sup> These Verses refer to Mr. Congreve's fine Poem entitled, *The Birth of the Muse*.

<sup>22</sup> *Achilles*, in *Homer*, is protected from the *Trojans*, by an Over-flowing of the Sea, at the Intercession of *Thetis* to *Neptune*.

<sup>23</sup> *Rival Friend*. Rivalry arising from *Envy* is mean, and repines at and hates superiour Virtue in another; but there is a nobler sort, springing from *Emulation*, which likes, approves, and loves the greatest Virtues most, even in a Rival, which is highly commendable.

<sup>24</sup> *Phar-*



<sup>24</sup> *Pharsalia* must yield to *Ramellies*. See Mr. Congreve's Ode, where he speaks of that Battle, and his Notes thereon.

<sup>25</sup> This alludes to *Claudian's* Observation on the Moderation and Calmness of a Victor, which is reckoned by the Ancients a celebrated Passage.

— *Diis proximus ille est,  
Quem ratio non ira movet : qui facta rependens,  
Consilio punire potest.*

<sup>26</sup> This Appeal to Lord Cobham will, it is hoped, be thought just and natural.

<sup>27</sup> In *Gracian's* Hero there is a whole Chapter upon Sympathies between Great Men, to which we refer as before.

<sup>28</sup> This Description of *Triumphs*, and the Joys they are able to cause, by *After-Effects* upon the Victor, still refers to Mr. Congreve's Ode.

<sup>29</sup> The Connections which seem wanting here, of the Speech of the *Genius* to join the Answer of the Warrior, were purposely omitted, in imitation of some Antients, who think cutting them off adds Strength to what is said.

<sup>30</sup> See *Xenophon's* Description of Good and Evil *Genii*, in his Discourse upon *Socrates*.

<sup>31</sup> This Appeal to Lord Cobham is to shew the Power of Poetry, and refers still to Mr. Congreve's Ode, on the Success of the Victorious Duke of *Marlborough's* Arms.

<sup>32</sup> Mr. *Dryden*, in his *Alexander's* Feast, very finely describes the Power of Music and Poetry over the Passions.

<sup>33</sup> All this Passage shews, that, in this Praise attributed to the Duke by Mr. Congreve, the principal Regard is, that the highest Parts of it are carried no farther, than what are truly, exactly, and religiously just.

<sup>34</sup> Alluding to Mr. Congreve's Ode, *ut supra*.

<sup>35</sup> Here is given a very just Reason for preferring the Victories of *Marlborough* to those of *Cæsar*.

<sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> See *Spondanus's* Preface to his Edition of *Homer*. And *Rapin* says the same thing.

<sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> Such *Heroes* allow of no *Superiority*, but are all *Equals* in great and good Actions. *vid. Gracian's Hero*.

<sup>40</sup> The Praise of Heroic Poets, but principally Mr. Congreve, takes up all the remaining Part of the Epistle.

<sup>41</sup> <sup>42</sup> *Horace* and *Boileau* frequently Apologize in this manner for their *Epistles*. See particularly *Boileau's* Preface to his Translation of *Longinus*.

<sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup> These References all allude to the Antients. *Horace* asserts, that *Poets* share the Fame of *Heroes*, by exciting them to noble Deeds. Nothing but what was *Grecian*, pleased. *Lord Cobham* shews the Soundness of his Judgment, by placing a right Value on Mr. Congreve. *Poets* were the first Philosophers, and brought Men from a wild and savage to a social Life. See *Horace*. The greatest *Heroes* of all Ages held *Poets* in the highest Veneration. And they are shewn to Praise them in this *Epistle*, because they animate *Heroes* to defend their Country by Arms, and afterwards celebrate their Battles.

<sup>51</sup> Refers to the beginning of Mr. Congreve's Ode, &c. viz.

O well-known Sounds! O Melody the same,  
That kindled *Mantuan* Fire, and rais'd *Mæonian* Flame.

<sup>52</sup> *Poesy* best *Martial Musick*, &c. Many are the fine Descriptions of the Power of *Musick*; such is that with which Mr. Congreve opens his Tragedy of the *Mourning Bride*.

<sup>53</sup> See *Claudian's* Praise of *Stilico*.

<sup>54</sup> See

<sup>54</sup> See what *Tully* says on *Alexander*, at the Tomb of *Achilles*, in his Oration, *pro Arch. Poet.*

<sup>55</sup> This is a strong Argument for the Love great Men and Heroes ought to bear to Men of Wit and Letters.

<sup>56</sup> Many Heroes, as well as *Alexander*, acknowledge they became so, by reading *Homer*, and other great Poets and Historians.

<sup>57</sup> *Don Alphonso K. of Arragon*, &c. used to say, "That Drums and Trumpets did not more enliven a Warlike-Horse, than the Fame of *Cæsar* kindled in his Heart a Martial Fire." See *Gracian's Hero*, chap. 17.

<sup>58</sup> Alluding to *Horace's* Epistle to *Augustus*, on the same Subject as this to Lord *Cobham*.

<sup>59</sup> Refers to *Mr. Congreve's* fine Epistle to Lord *Cobham*; printed, with his Last Will and Testament, by *Mr. Curll* in *Bow-street, Covent-Garden*.

<sup>60</sup> <sup>61</sup> Alluding to Lord *Cobham's* Expedition to *Spain*, and the Dread they might have of another from him.

<sup>62</sup> <sup>63</sup> *Tully*, tho' the greatest of *Orators*, was yet one of the most indifferent *Poets*. *Mr. Dryden* has translated this Verse of *Tully*, to the same odd Key in which he composed it in Praise of his own Consulship.

*O Fortunatam natam, me Consule, Romam.*

Fortune foretun'd the dying Notes of *Rome*,  
Till I, thy Consul sole, consol'd thy Doom.

But *Tully* wrote so fine an Oration on the *Manilian Law*, that many Commentators are not content with commending it as a Human, but extol it as a Work Divine.

<sup>64</sup> This is *Mr. Congreve's* own Line. See his Epistle to Lord *Cobham*.

<sup>65</sup> *Cæsar*,

*Caesar*, in his Sayings, his Actions and his Writings, was the first and happiest of all Men: In his Discourse he had a constant Wit and right Reason; in his Actions Gallantry and Success; in his Writings every thing any Author can pretend to; and one, which perhaps no Man else ever had; he mentions himself with a good Grace. See *Steele's Christian Hero*.

To conclude, Mr. *Congreve* may be justly called by *Apollo* his Laureat, being so adopted by Mr. *Dryden*, the greatest Son of the Muses *England* ever had.

— *Et hanc sine tempora circum*

*Inter Victrices Hederam tibi serpere Lauros.* Virg.

Signifying that the weaker Ivy must be supported by the Laurel, and the Fame of lesser Poets by Men greater than themselves.

F I N I S.





